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VOL. 3. NO. 77.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

JUNE 15,

1861.

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MOSES, THE SASSY;
OR,
THE DISGUISED DUKE.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

CHAPTER I.—ELIZY.

My story opens in the classic presinks of Bostin. In the parlor of a bloated aristocratic mansion on Bacon street sits a luvly young lady, whose hair is cuvered ore with the frosts of between 17 Summers. She has just sot down to the piany, and is warblin the popler ballad called "Smells of the Notion," in which she tells how with pensiv thought, she wandered by a C beat shore. The Son is settin in its horizin, and its gorjus light pores in a golden meller flud through the winders, and makes the young lady twice as beautiful nor what she was before, which is onnecessary. She is magnificently dressed up in a Berage baeque, with poplin trimmins, More Antique, Ball Morals and 3 ply carpeting. Also, considerable gauze. Her dress contaius 16 flounders and her shoes is red morocker, with gold spangles onto them. Presently she jumps up with a wild snort, and pressin her hands to her brow, she exclaims: "Methinks I see a voice!"

A noble youth of 27 summers enters. He is attired in a red shirt and black trowsis, which last air turned up over his boots; his hat, which it is a plug, bein cockt onto one side of his classical hed. In sooth, he was a heroic lookin person, with a fine shape. Grease, in its barmiest days near projuced a more hefty cavileer. Gazing upon him admiringly for a spell, Elizy (for that was her name) organized herself into a tabloo, and stated as follers:

"Ha! do me eyes deceive me earsight? Is it some dreams? No, I reckon not! That frame! them store clothes! those nose! Yes, it is me own, me only Moses!"

He (Moses) folded her to his hart, with the remark that he was "a hunkey boy."

CHAPTER II.—WAS MOSES OF NOBLE BIRTH.

Moses was foreman of Engine Co. No. 40. Forty's fellers had just bin havin an annual re-union with Fifty's fellers, on the day I introjuce MOSES to my readers, and Moses had his arms full of trofees, to wit: 4 scalps, 5 eyes, 3 fingers, 7 ears, (which he had chawed off,) and several half and quarter sections of noses. When the fair ELIZY recovered from her delight at meetin MOSES, she said:—"How hast the battle gonest? Tell me!"

"We chawed 'em up—that's what we did!" said the bold MOSES.

"I thank the gods!" said the fair ELIZY. Thou did'st excellent well. And, MOSES," she continued, layin her hed confidinly agin his weskit, "dost know I sumtimes think thou istest of noble birth?"

"No!" said he, wildly ketchin hold of hisself. "You don't say so?"

"Indeed do I! Your dead grandfather's sperrit comest to me the tother night."

"Oh no, I guess it's a mistake," said Moses.

"I'll bet two dollars and a quarter he did!" replied ELIZY. "He said, 'MOSES is a Disguised Juke!'"

"You mean Duke," said MOSES.

"Dost not the actors all call it Juke?" said she.

That settled the matter.

"I hav thought of this thing afore," said MOSES, abstractedly. "If it is so, then thus it must be! 2 B or not 2 B! Which? Sow, sow! But enuff. O life! life!—*you're too many for me!*" He tore out some of his pretty yeller hair, stampt on the floor sevrit times, and was gone.

CHAPTER III.—THE PIRUT FOILED.

Sixteen long and weary years has elapst since the sens narrated in the last chapter took place. A noble ship, the Sary Jane, is a sailin from France to Ameriky via the Wabash Canal. A pirut ship is in hot pursoot of the Sary. The pirut capting isn't a man of much principle and intends to kill all the people on bored the Sary and confiscate the wallerbles. The capting of the S. J. is on the pint of givin in when a fine lookin feller in russet boots and a buffalo overcoat rushes forerd and obsarves:

"Old man! go down stairs! Retire to the starbud bulk-hed! I'll take charge of this Bote!"

"Owdashus cuss!" yelled the capting, "away with thee, or I shall do mur-rer-der-r-r!"

"Skurcely," obsarved the stranger, and he drew a diamond hilted fish-knife and cut orf the capting's hed. He expired shortly, his last words bein, "we are governed too much."

"People!" sed the stranger, "I'm the Juke d'MOSES!"

"Old hoss!" sed a passenger, "methinks thou art blowin!" whareupon the Juke cut orf his hed also.

"Oh that I should live to see myself a ded body!" screamed the unfortnit man. "But don't print any verses about my deth in the newspapers, for if you do I'll haunt ye!"

"People!" sed the Juke, "I alone can save you from yon bloody pirut! Ho! a peck of oats!" The oats was brought, and the Juke, boldly mountin the jibpoop, throwed them onto the towpath. The pirut rapidly approached, chucklin with fiendish delight at the idee of increasin his ill-gotten gains. But the leadin hoss of the pirut ship stopt suddent on comin to the oats, and commenst for to devour them. In vain the piruts swore and throwd stones and bottles at the hoss—he would'nt budge a inch. Meanwhile the Sary Jane, her hosses on the full jump, was fast leavin the pirut ship!

"Onct again do I escape deth!" sed the Juke between his clencht teeth, still on the jibpoop.

CHAPTER IV.—THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The Juke was MOSES the MOSES. Yes, it was!"

He had bin to France and now he was home agin in Bostin, which gave birth to a Bunker Hill!! He had some trouble in gittin hisself acknowledged as Juke in France, as the Orleans Dienasty and Borebones were fernenst him, but he finally conkerd. ELIZY knowd him right off, as a one of his ears and a part of his nose had been chawed off in his fights with opposition firemen durin boyhood's sunny hours. They lived to a green old age, beloved by all, both grate and small. Their children, of which they have numerous, often go up onto the Common and see the Fountin squirt.

This is my 1st attempt at writin a Tail & it is far from bein perfeck, but if I hav indoosed folks to see that in 9 cases out of 10 they can either make Life as barren as the Desert of Sarah, or as joyyus as a flower garding, my objeck will have bin accomplished, and more too.

Put that in your Pipe, Jeff.

If giving comfort to an enemy is treason, let JEFF DAVIS hang all his tobacco planters. Just see what a lot of Solace they have furnished to the North!

The only Way the Rebels can take Washington.

"Over the left."

GUSHING YOUNG LADY TO DEPARTING ZOUAVE

G. Y. L.—HAVELOCK, SIR! PRAY, ACCEPT IT.

Zouave:—THANKEE, MISS; DON'T CARE IF I DO TAKE THAT 'AR LITTLE LOCK OVER YOUR LEFT EAR.—*(Confusion of Gushing Young Lady.)*

Mother Goose to Beauregard.

Little Boy BEAUREGARD, blow your horn,
Our ships hold your cotton, our meadows your corn:
Where is the cash your bold rebels to pay?
Safe in our Bank-vaults piled away!

Mal-Gray Eux.

The papers report another seizure of Gray uniforms, intended for the rebel troops. These fellows, like cows at this season, seem to have run largely to Graze, and our opinion is that they will soon go to Grass.

Here They Lie.

JEFF. DAVIS and his Vice, STEPHENS, are very great leaders, no doubt, but we do think that TOOMBS ought to be put over them.

Bound To Run.

"Government is a Machine."—TALLEYRAND.

Won't that suit our Firemen Zouaves to a dot?

Unexpected Advance in Southern Grain.

The advance of our troops into the Virginia corn-fields.

Not So Bad.

The ladies have adopted a red, white, and blue hoop, which is called the war-hoop.

A good Place for the Blacks to emigrate to Colorado.

The Soldier's Pillow.

His nap-sack.

LINSEY-WOOLSEY.

That word—linsey-woolsey—is sometimes used as an adjective, and in the sense of trashy, spurious, insignificant, and so forth. It is a compound not much in use; but we were reminded of it, just now, on reading a speech lately delivered to his constituents at Sunderland, by one Mr. LINDSAY, an English member of Parliament. Mr. LINDSAY, who is Woolsey, is also self-complacent, and sets out by glorifying himself as the champion, *par excellence*, of open trade; the draughter of a convention proposed by him to the government of this country. Now, as a draughter, we have no objection to Mr. L. W. drawing up as many draughts as he can manage; and we will even go so far as to say that we hope they may be honored when they come due: but we do not see L. W. in the light of an American politician. He says, L. W. does, that:

"If England and France, at the proper time acknowledged the Southern confederacy as an independent Power, it might stay this cry for vengeance which, he was sorry to see, came from the North against the South."

From this, it is evident that L. W. has never read any Southern papers; a fact upon which we congratulate him, although it *has* put him upon the wrong track. We will not, on that account however, prescribe for L. W. a course of *Mercury* (the Charleston, S. C.) We merely recommend him to subscribe to VANITY FAIR, making also an investment in the back numbers of that journal. In these he will find such extracts from the *Mercurial* and other virulent presses of the South, as will enlighten his rather foggy mind with regard to the quarter from which the "cry for vengeance" arises. If the scalp of L. W. does not remove itself spontaneously upon the perusal of these gouts of blood-literature, then must the top-knot of that cheerful M. P. be not only Shawnee-proof, but independent of the wiley craft of ROWLAND, and others who profess to arrest the premature decay of nature's greatest ornament, a luxuriant head of hair. What L. W. means by the "proper time" to which he so anxiously looks forward we can hardly guess. Perhaps he means "fly-time;" about which season JOHN BULL will be roaring for his Cotton night-cap, and swearing when he hears that it was lost in the wash. At any rate, L. W. seems to have got himself mixed up some how with cotton, which doesn't improve his texture, but makes him look very Linsey-Woolsey, in the adjective sense, as above.

CUFFEE AGAIN.

A man named ASHLEY, who is a member of Congress, or something of that sort, has been to Fort Monroe and conversed with some negroes about the war. He writes to the Toledo *Blade* to the effect that this war, "under Providence, will result in universal emancipation."

Perhaps so. But we fancy this war is prosecuted with an entirely different purpose, the letting loose of three or four millions of semi-barbarous Africans not being contemplated except by such maniacs as ASHLEY.

This is a war to save the Union—not for the indiscriminate manumission of slaves. This is a war to crush white rebellion—not to incite black insurrection. We thought everybody knew that.

It is a great pity, when everything is going on so finely and the North is so gloriously and resistlessly united, that such fellows as ASHLEY should be allowed to run loose.

We say to ASHLEY, go home to Maumee and be as limited a nuisance as possible.

The Southern Question d'Argent.

"In what Point should you say Virginia was likely to suffer most?" asked the Landlady.

"Well," replied X., "I should say the Point of Rocks!"

Interesting to the Military.

Supposing for a moment, that the President had wished to decline the offer of service made by the Fifty-fifth Regiment, he could not have done so, because, you see it was a Le Gal tender.

New Northern State that the South didn't count upon.

The State of War.

What Northern Astronomy treats of.

Stars and Stripes.

THE HEMPEN CRAVAT.

The Southern costume, have you heard of it, sirs?
is a single shirt collar, and a big pair of spurs:
'Tis airy for summer, there's no doubt of that,
But not half so neat as a hempen cravat.

To begin with the collar: suppose a long march,
In the hot, broiling sun, what becomes of the starch?
Why, it wilts down with sweat,—a nasty thing, that,
Which is never the case with the hempen cravat!

Their spurs may be good till a battle begins,
But won't they be likely to scratch their own shins
When they come to retreat? for they *may* come to that,
But they cannot retreat, with the hempen cravat!

O the hempen cravat is an elegant thing!
For once on your neck, it gives you full swing:
These hot Southern gentlemen ought to like that,
For they all want to swing—in that hempen cravat!

'Tis as cheap as 'tis useful, a blessing, to-day,
When the South, owing millions, has nothing to pay;
So, to show our good will, (they've but little of that,)
We'll furnish them, gratis, the hempen cravat!

We try it on PAT, when he snatches a knife,
And slithers the wind-pipe of mother or wife:
He was crazy with whiskey, no matter for that,
He must die like a dog in the hempen cravat!

What is PAT's little frolic to what they have done?
'Tis the foulest conspiracy under the sun:
The treason of ARNOLD was nothing to that,
Yet *he* richly deserved the hempen cravat!

They plotted like him, with no wrongs to repay;
How could they be wronged, when they had their own way?
They bullied the North, we submitted to that,
And, once in a while to the hempen cravat!

They wasted our treasure, by putting in COBB
To shell it out freely, in other words, rob;
When the country was bankrupt—he brought us to that—
He resigned, and ran off from the hempen cravat!

We had a few arsenals, so they employed
A traitor to empty them—Brigadier FLOYD;
He sent our arms South, for this, and for that,
And stripped us of all—but the hempen cravat!

Our gold in their pockets, our guns in their hands,
Of course we must listen to all their demands:
They will break up the Union—what say ye to that?
My answer, brave boys, is the hempen cravat!

By the blood of our sires, that on Bunker's old hill
Was poured out like water, (it flows in us still!)
We will crush them, or perish, (no danger of that!)
With sword, and with shot, and the hempen cravat!

Should we happen to meet w th these bold pirateers,
They'll find a queer slip-knot tied under their ears,
And swift at the yard-arm—a gallus place, that!—
They'll dance a gay jig in the hempen cravat!

Then work all our rope walks, and working them, sing,
"O the hempen cravat is a wonderful thing!"
Who can mention a better, may take my old hat,
But till then I go in for the Hempen Cravat!

SPECIAL CAMP CORRESPONDENCE OF V. F.

THRILLING SCENE—NIGHT FORAY—CAPTURE OF ENEMY'S ARMS AND ACCOUTREMENTS—LIKEWISE OF CONTRABAND OF WAR—AND THINGS GENERALLY OF A (FARA)GRAPHIC NATURE.

CAMP NEBUCHADNEZAR, *June 6th*, 1861.

DEAR V. F.:—By my own special request I have been engaged to give you the news of this camp. I laid it out, and myself also, by falling off the fence. I fortified it—and myself likewise with a heavily charged pocket pistol. Finally, I govern it in person, gender, number, and case. It is situated in a grassy meadow, not far from the battle ground of Germantown. And named Nebuchadnezzar, after an ancient royal person of whom you may have heard, who once went to grass himself. Up to last evening everything had been quiet, although the camp is within several hundred miles of the nearest Rebel force. But last evening this serenity was suddenly disturbed by a scene of unusual excitement not unaccompanied by danger.

It was later than some time previous, when this thrilling incident occurred. I had placed a post at the north-west angle of the camp (with a warning to trespassers on it). Feeling perfectly secure, I was meditating a plan for the speedy reduction of the Rebels to a selling-out-at-less-than-cost-price, when my attention was diverted by a whistle. I sprang to my legs and examined my arms. In another moment the whistle was repeated, followed by a report. (The report was caused by my incautiously unco(r)king my pocket-pistol). I rushed forth to the north-west angle only to find that my post had fallen. The enemy had borne it down before I arrived, and now advanced to meet me. I was prepared! "Halt, and give the countersign!" I cried. "You be blowed! I want my dorg," howled the foe, continuing to advance. Then, with dying hand above my head, I shook the fragment of my blade, and shouted "Victory! Charge, Chester, Charge!" and so forth. Or words to that effect. And instantly charged, at the head of my own dog, who bravely closed with the foe. The combat raged hotly for a season, until my reserve coming up with stern resolution and a pitchfork, changed the tide of battle, and caused the enemy to retreat in disorder. Their arms and baggage fell into my hands. Also a quantity of contraband of war, consisting of a large bundle of fresh mint and a small package of tobacco (Fine cut.) The arms—a case-knife without a handle, and the baggage—a silk pocket-handkerchief enveloping the mint, are safely stored, awaiting the demand of the Government. The contraband, I regret to say, has been confiscated by my reserve to its own use. The camp is once more tranquil.

I am daily without the slightest expectation of reinforcements, and prepared accordingly to march at the shortest notice. I omitted to mention that the uniform of my command consists of coat, trowsers, shirt, shoes and stockings, cap, and other inner garments needless to mention. We are provided with the regular quota of arms (and legs), and when *in tent* (upon any theme requiring meditation) are each inclosed in a strong frame (of mind). There is no complaint of the rations, unless occasional aberrations (of thought), which are only temporary, be considered such. But as all *Aberrations* might be attributed to our gallant President LINCOLN, they should be viewed from a patriotic stand point. In my next I shall give you some highly interesting details of camp-life "never before represented on any stage." *Au revoir*. Our motto is "*nux vomica*," never despair! (free translation.)

Yours, thirsty for glory,
MAJOR VON PUCK, G. R. C.

The Bolters.

The European travel is enormous this season, and among the travelers are some who would do well to stay here and defend their flag. When our country is attacked, no true patriot can ever go over to the Other Side!

If You Touch It, You are Defiled.

North Carolina thinks that England must favor her cause. The British navy will have to Sing Small unless she gives it the Pitch.

By a Stevedore.

When we lower Stores, do we necessarily Sink the Shop?

A JUST APOLOGY.

Newly Sighted Picket Guard.—"HALLO! DARNED IF I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS A SECESSIONER! I'M SURE I BEG YOUR PARDON!"

Diplomatic.

VANITY FAIR REMONSTRATES WITH THE BRITISH LION.

[The event of the week, and perhaps we may say, of the fortnight, has been the transmission of the under-written note from the office of this newspaper, to the British Lion. We interfere with great reluctance; but at the earnest request of Mr. SEWARD, we consent to drop the following lines into that pleasant place, the Lion's Mouth—and we hope he may relish them. In order that we might garnish this epistle with diplomatic accuracy, we invited proposals from Our Stationer for furnishing us with one ton of sealing-wax and nine hundred yards of the brightest red tape; but as everything sticky and stringy appertaining to his stock, had just been taken at enormous prices by the Washington authorities, we have been obliged, to our intense mortification, to engross the document upon the official paper—yellow wrapping—of V. F.,—to put it into one of our neatest and modest envelopes, and to depend for its security upon the adhesive power of the Arabian Gum, strengthened by a simple ring and two ordinary wafers. Thus secured, it was carried—in a Broadway stage—by Our Boy to H. B. M. Consulate: and was by him handed to the Consular Boy, who promised that it should be delivered to the Lion. Having, from our experience of Boys in General, great doubts of the fidelity of the Consular Youth, we print the letter here, and here will print the answer—when we get it.

[PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.]

OFFICE OF VANITY FAIR, FOREIGN BUREAU,
New York, June 3d, 1861.

MY BRITISH BEAST:—You will pardon, my Lion, the informality of this address, when you call to your royal mind the fact that you are pretty well known in this world—that I know something, too, of Ireland, and her jolly chronicles—that I have heard of India and her happy history; of Manchester and of the fat little girls laughing in its factories; of the cherubs in your coal-mines, and of the darling children who pick pockets with such charming industry in London streets. Humanity in general, my Beast, has reason to honor you. Black Humanity in particular has cause to call you blessed; and even Yellow Humanity, of the Coolie variety, loves you dearly. Ever since I can remember you have been braying—I beg your pardon—roaring in behalf of Black Humanity. You roared about the Slave Trade and abolished it—taking good care, however, to make your neighbors share the damage. You roared about West India Negroes, and emancipated them with much self-complacency, when your Methodists and other good men forced you to do it. You bought innumerable (pirated) copies of Uncle TOM'S Cabin, and after reading the same with many tears, you gave no end of breakfasts to the talented author. VANITY FAIR cannot but remember how long, how continuously, and how cruelly you have joked, and jeered, and jibed about and at American Slavery—how you have sent over to us missionaries for our Anti-Slavery Conventions, and merchandize for our Anti-Slavery Fairs—how you have taken to your bosom the wayfaring Garrison and the fugitive FRED. DOUGLAS. There were those who were uncharitable enough to say, that you had better, for consistency's sake, give up either your own cant or our cotton; but you went on, my Beast, spouting and spinning, wailing and wearing, importing and exhorting, bepraising Boston, and chaffering with Charleston; and out of this game of cross-purposes out of these threads of benevolence running this way, and these threads of business running that, you have woven much white cloth and you have amassed much yellow cash. Now, when our dark day has come—now, when through hatred upon one side, and love upon the other, of this same Slavery which you profess simply to hate, we are in a little trouble, we find that with the voice of a saint, you have had only the soul of a Manchester spinner; and that while you have been talking about our lashes you meant only your own looms.

Newspapers prate, my Lion, about "the uncertainty of the policy of the British Government" in these uncertain times; as if, with an Honest Beast, disposed to remember his international obligations, there could be two possible policies. Of your neighbors, the crowned, and crouching, and crunching continental wolves, we expect that cold blooded indifference best calculated to secure the bones. But you are of our own flesh and blood; your fathers were our fathers; our laws have the same root; and the ancestors of both of us have been talking of liberty ever since the days of ALFRED the Great. Without crime committed, without any forfeiture of your confidence, my Government finds you plottering about what you will and will not do, while rebels are at its throat and assassins are seeking its life. We ask you for honest and kindly treatment, and you refer us to Puffendorf. We ask you sternly to discountenance thievery and murder, and we find your ricketty old House of Lords debating how strong a blockade of the ports of pirates must be, before you will respect it. A losel scum of sea-thieves, the outcasts of all nations, threatens our commerce, and my Lord BROUGHAM, Friend of the Blacks, tells us that "privateering is not Piracy." There is a robber at our door, and you will not sell us a pistol. There is a knave menacing our existence, and you will not send to us an ounce of powder without his permission. There are tens of thousands of Englishmen who have been welcomed to our soil, have been protected by our laws and have shared in our prosperity; and you say that they shall not strike a blow to save their American neighbors from ruin. You take buccaniers to your bosom if they bring with them the captured ships of Boston and New York. You would make the sea-towns of England the nurseries of cut-throats and marine murderers, and the courts of England their refuge from sharp and speedy justice. Substantially, my Lion, you bestow your countenance and comfort upon men who, if they were your own subjects and committed the same crimes, you would hang at the Old Bailey, as you hung there Thistlewood and the Cato Street conspirators.

Now, my Lion, this is a game which two parties can play at. Your own den, you will permit me to observe, has a good many windows in it, and we can throw two stones to your one. Canada, for retaliatory purposes, is in a mighty convenient position; and Canada may catch the itch of dissolving political unions. Our facilities for drilling Irish battalians are uncommonly fine. It does not follow, when we make peace with our misguided and revolted States, that we shall include in one general amnesty all who in our day of peril may have deserted us, we may live to see

> Naked Rebellion with his torch and axe,
> Making his wild sport of *your* blazing throne.

These unhappy differences will soon be adjusted; but it will not be so easy to adjust jarring recollections and indignant memories. We may forgive our brothers and forget their crimes; but it will not be so prudent to forget foreign wrongs, nor so proper to forgive alien injuries. God keep us then from the arrogance and self-sufficiency which you exhibit.

The undersigned, grasping at this pleasing opportunity of renewing his assurances of distinguished consideration, begs leave to subscribe himself,

Your Lionship's most humble and most obedient servant

Vanity Fair.

Design for a Statue of English Justice.

SUGGESTED BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL AND LORD PALMERSTON.

GENERAL POETICAL AGENCY.

PROSPECTUS.

Mr. AUGUSTUS SNIPES, late of *The Journal of Commerce*, has the honor to announce to the Nobility and Gentry of the Southern Confederacy, that he is now prepared to furnish any number of tags, rhymes, songs, barcarolles, verses for albums and other poetical merchandise suited to the melodious markets of the South, and to the present condition of the Gay Science in that Light, Laughing, Languishing Land. These sent in a sealed envelope, warranted to avoid detection, will enable any Southern Seceder whatever may have been the faults of his education, to at once assume a Pre-eminent Literary Position with all the Privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging.

Mr. AUGUSTUS SNIPES would particularly call attention to his neat collection of rhymes upon the name of DAVIS, capable of being worked up to an indefinite extent, and of which the following are specimens :

1. First of all who never cave, is
   Our delightful JEFFY DAVIS.
2. First of all the bravest brave is
   Cutting, slashing JEFFY DAVIS.
3. Shield of Master and of Slave is
   Guide and guardian, JEFFY DAVIS.
4. Who in Yankee blood will lave his
   Powerful hands but JEFFY DAVIS?
5. Who more potent than a Zouave is,
   Who but President J. DAVIS?

Mr. AUGUSTUS SNIPES would also call attention to the following neat style of personal compliment, adapted to the largest mass-meeting, or to the smallest convivial party :

O there's nothing hard
For BEAUREGARD!
    Nothing too heavy or steep:
For the old boy's in't
But he'll start the mint,
    And make our juleps cheap!

Then drink to BEAU,
In many a go,
    Yellow, or rosy, or white!
For he who would strike
Must his liquor like,
    And he who can't drink, can't fight!

Mr. AUGUSTUS SNIPES would call the very particular attention of the Southern Literary Man, to the following Neat Thing for An Album :

SONNET.—TO MARY MAGNOLIA.

Lady! Sweet light of our gay Southern climes!
    Before I leave thee for the dangerous wars,
    With pen in hand, and fine cut in my jaws,
I wildly weave, O girl! this idle rhyme!
When the fight comes, be sure I shall be *thar*,
    Striving to win a green palmetto wreath,
    Barker in hand, and knife between my teeth,
Like as man can be to the God of War,
Think of me then! in snowy smoke wreath hid,
    I kill, I shoot, and I assassinate!
    See my eyes flash, and hear my ivory grate
To finely cut what once was solid quid!
Think of me Victor Living, Conquered Dead,
Sweet sunny damsel, virgin ripe and red!

Mr. AUGUSTUS SNIPES rather flatters himself, that when a model for a War Song is desired, the following will be about the martial go.

Come, draw your triggers,
And fight for your niggers,
    Though nobody cares to disturb 'em!
These pestilent fleas
Must vote as we please,
    Or by JOHNNY CALHOUN, we'll curb 'em!

For the ballot and box
Let us substitute knocks,
    Hard knocks, and sweet stinging dry knocks!
Though we're rich in assets
Yet we wont pay our debts,
    To a parcel of pestilent Shylocks.

O we rise as we think on
That scamp, ABRAM LINCOLN,
    That beastly, belligerent Bucker!
O we swear altogether
To tar and to feather,
    Provided we catch him, the Sucker!

Then seize all your rifles,
And don't stand for trifles,
    Like fratricides, burglaries, treasons!
So comrades! all come,
And in ramrods and rum,
    We have five hundred excellent reasons!

VANITY FAIR, intent upon being perhaps altogether too fair, prints Mr. AUGUSTUS SNIPES's Prospectus. But VANITY FAIR would be lost to all sense of decency, if it did not, while rebuking the unpatriotic SNIPES, try its hand at a song or so. If any of our Union Friends, and all our friends are of that starry stripe, want a few rhymes for DAVIS, here they are, and there are a few more left in the machine :

1. First of all who idly rave, is
   Ranting, canting JEFFY DAVIS!
2. First of all a traitor knave, is
   Stealing, swindling JEFFY DAVIS!
3. First of all who pardon crave is,
   (Or will be, as we judge,) JEFF DAVIS.
4. Who will run quite soon to save his
   Neck from rope, but JEFFY DAVIS?

VANITY FAIR, rather than else thinks there is more truth than poetry in the following lines.

O the morn will be fair
When he dances in air,
    Hung up by a rope, you know!
And I shall be there
To enjoy a share
    Of the pleasure of doing for Beau.

How he'll struggle and prance
In the airy dance,
    With his both constitutions suspended!
And I shall be there
To enjoy a share
    Of a show the finest when ended!

VANITY FAIR also respectfully dedicates the following to the Girls Who Have Been Left Behind—very celebrated girls, be it known, and often better sung than here :

Dearest! across the sky,
    Our flag floats free!
Millions are called from love, and I
    Am called from thee.
O let no pallor weak
Discolor that fair cheek,
    That red with proud heroic blood appears,
When I come back to claim
Thy form and thy dear name,
    It will be time enough, my love, for tears!

Were I a man to stay
    When all I hope,
Wife, home are staked upon the fray,
    And deadly cope?
No tremors now, dear heart!
The Roman Matron's part
    Act in thy virgin bloom and tender years!
When I come back to claim
Thy form and thy dear name,
    It will be time enough, my love, for tears!

Mr. AUGUSTUS SNIPES is requested to send no more poems to this office. Our boy has orders to snub him. Our Zouave has orders to slice him. Our Artist has orders to take his portrait for the Rogue's Gallery. Let him keep away.

Red Tape.

In Albany, instead of asking "what's on the tapis?" is is now the custom to ask "what's on the tape?"

The Only Way Washington is Besieged.

By the Republican office-seekers.

GOOD FOR CHARLEY.

THIS IS LITTLE FOPKINS WHO WOULDN'T VOLUNTEER, BECAUSE HE THOUGHT WAR WAS BARBAROUS. CLARA AND C[HA]RLEY DON'T AGREE WITH HIM.

A CL[O]UDED LETTER.

The remarkable bravery [ev]inced by the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding Fort Moultrie, du[r]ing the Sumter engagement, seems only to be equalled by his re[m]arkable English. Thus, in a letter to Gov. PICKENS, accompanyi[ng] the preservation of a South Carolina Flag which waved over Fo[rt] Moultrie,

"Mid t[he] rocket's red glare
And bon[bs] bursting in air."

he makes the following ra[re] remarkable statement relative to the banner:

"This Flag was presented to t[he] garrison of Fort Moultrie in February last, while South Carolina was an ind[e]pendent State, by three ladies of Charleston. It was worn upon that Fort until [re]placed by the Confederate Ensign, and rehoisted with the last upon the oc[ca]sion alluded to. During the action it was four times perforated by the s[h]ots from this Fort, three of which are still visible. The fourth was cut out [by] a prominent citizen of Virginia, who wished to show to the people of his Sta[te] a tangible evidence of the battle.

I am very [re]spectfully, your obedient servant,

R. S. RIPLEY.

Lieut. Col. Commanding."

To our thinking, the Li[eu]t.-Col. does not pay the artillerists under his command a very h[ig]h compliment, in stating that they fired so widely as to perfo[rm] the flag above their heads several times, unless, indeed, they [we]re aimed directly at it. And how three of the four shots which pass[ed] through the Flag can be still visible—unless they lodged in [a] tree in the rear—is not quite clear to a Northern understanding. [From] the statement that the fourth shot was cut out, however, [we] are led to infer that they lodged in the bunting—wrapping them[se]lves in its folds somewhat after the manner of the late lamente[d] KIRBY. The explanation that it was simply a shot-hole that was c[ut] out, we are not prepared to receive. We are loth to believe tha[t] any prominent citizen of Virginia would ever dream of cutting [out] a shot-hole as "tangible evidence of a battle." Cutting out [shot]-holes as trophies of conquest! Bah! we don't believe a bit [of] it! It is a slur upon the chivalry of the "Old Dominion"—a [lie] made out of whole cloth, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase.

Gov. PICKENS seems to have caught the spirit of this letter, and labored to make his reply equally brilliant in its ambiguity and obscurity. Thus he speaks of a time in the earlier history of Fort Moultrie, "when the flagstaff was cut down, and when the heroic JASPER nailed it to the gun-rod." Now all the world knows that it was the flag which the heroic JASPER nailed to a gun-rod, and that he didn't meddle with the staff at all. Why does the Governor thus seek to befog the popular mind regarding a simple fact in history? Or are the efforts in this direction of both the Governor and the Lieutenant Colonel, simply accidental; the natural result of the enforced absence of all Yankee schoolmasters from the limits of the Confederate States? Had the expulsion of these necessary members of society from Southern latitudes not been duly chronicled in our exchanges, we should have inferred from such documents as these, that the schoolmasters were not only "abroad" but also that they were bent on a permanent stay.

Wait a bit.

The *Richmond Examiner*, in an article which sparkles with all the gems of Southern rhetoric, after calling our New York Fire Zouaves "that band of execrable cut-throats and jail-birds," and characterizing ELLSWORTH the Martyr, as "the chief of all scoundrels," says that JACKSON, his murderer, "died a death which emperors might envy."

We don't care about the "emperors," but if the editor of the *Richmond Examiner* envies JACKSON, his death, just let him stay in Richmond a little while. We think some of our Zoo-zoos will accommodate him.

An Idyll.

"Sit down, fair PHYLLIS, on the flowery Bank, and while Philo mel chants his roundelay, partake with me of this rural Banquet I have made for thee."

Thus spake the shepherd, CORYDON, to her he loved.

And PHYLLIS sat down among the dewy grass, and then she found the Bank-we[t].

The Western Reserve.

We observe by the papers that the Western Reserve of Ohio, the stronghold of Abolitionism, is rather backward in coming forward to the aid of the Union in her emergency. Considering that hitherto they have not been very reserved in the expression of warlike opinions when there was no danger, it is rather unfortunate for their manhood just now that they should show the white feather where they have so often flaunted the black one, and prefer ranking themselves with the body of "Reserves" where they are not particularly needed, to the more honorable position of active combatants in the field.

New Refrain of a Slave-song,

For we're a band of niggers,
For we're a band of niggers,
A contraband of niggers,
And we can't go to the war!

Joke from Ohio.

If a part of the Union should be found wanting, it is a satisfaction to know that we have BEN WADE in the balance.

Motto for a Faro Bank.

"A good workman is known by the number of his Chips."

The biggest military thing down South. Cotton drilling.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, May 30.

DEAR VANITY: Back again once more, safe and sound.

But, alas! I am the only one of my brave hundred!

I have got some important information, and lost some valuable men.

Poor CASPETTO DI VENDETTA ..... he fell fighting nobly.

But he owed me two dollars and a quarter.

Well, let that pass. I can bear misfortunes, as well as another.

Still, it seems a pity. He was doing very well in Corsica; perhaps he ought never to have left there.

As I said, I have gained much important information.

There is no such person as General BEAUREGARD. That, however, I knew, all along. When the Southern Confederacy was organized, with a provisional government (as nearly as I can make out, they have neither government nor provisions there now), they wanted some one to serve as military leader.

"I'll do it," said PICKENS.

"My dear boy," said DAVIS, "you're too valuable. I'll do it."

"What is the salary?" asked FLOYD.

"I rather think a Colonelcy ... would be about the thing for me... But if I had a generalship ...I'd get the Northmen on the hip..." said PAUL HAYNE (you know he's a poet).

"Let me be the man!" cried PRYOR; "I don't see fighting, altogether. It's vulgar. But I'd like to be a great commander, and have a marquee tent away off on a hill, where I could sit with soldier-clothes on, and watch the fight through a telescope!"

"You be d...." began DAVIS, but STEPHENS interrupted.

I don't mean LOU. STEPHENS.

"Suppose we toss up," said he.

"Capital," cried all.

FLOYD produced a penny...the last of the Indian bond speculation, he said ... and they tossed for half an hour. It came heads every time!

FLOYD had, by mistake, given them his own private copper that he used in tossing for drinks. It had two heads.

"It will be awfully expensive," said DAVIS; "the pay will have to be very high."

"O let me be general!" said FLOYD.

"How would it do to go without?" asked PICKENS.

Diplomatic cuss, that!

"We must have one, if only for the name of it," said STEPHENS.

"Well, have the name of it and save the salary."

So they took an old directory and hunted up a name. They got through "A," without being suited, and went on to "B."

"Here it is," said DAVIS, "BEAUREGARD. We are a little French already, you know. We have adopted the Marseilles..."

"*Marsellaise*," interrupted PAUL HAYNE; "I'm writing a delicious hymn to it!"

"...the *Marsellaise*," continued JEFF., "and BEAUREGARD is a good French name. What does it mean, PAUL?"

"*Beau* means fine. *Regard* means look, glance, eye-glance, survey, gaze, eyes, attention, notice, aspect, two portraits looking at each other, draft-eye, draft-hole..."

"Stop! stop!" said PICKENS; "that's quite enough. What could be finer than that name?"

HAYNE has SPIERS & SURRENNE's French dictionary by heart.

"Let it be BEAUREGARD, then," said several; "General BEAUREGARD, commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces!"

"It...it rhymes... to petard," said HAYNE, thoughtfully.

DAVIS stole that rhyme, a little later, and has had the credit of it everywhere.

And this, dear VANITY, explains the contradictory nature of the reports about Gen. B.

There ain't no such man.

I had grand times after my last advices to you. I established a race-track near Montgomery, and won nearly all the money of the Confederate treasury from the members of the Cabinet, playing Spanish monté. After that, the people began to mistrust me. They doubted the purity of my motives, and FLOYD insulted me by offering to pay his bets, honestly lost, in Confederacy Bonds!

So I thought it was time to clear out.

I left, then, with ninety-nine men, having lost one. Two fell in love with the same girl in Charleston, and one removed the other's vertebral column with a bowie-knife, (as I have before remarked, they are playful fellows,) so he couldn't accompany us any further. I won't have a man around me unless he has plenty of back-bone.

We departed from Montgomery, and started for Washington again on Monday last. We arrived at Manasses Gap on Friday morning and found a large force of rebels congregated there. They recognized us for Union men at once, by our gentlemanly appearance and surrounded us.

My men formed in squads of thirteen and a half, faces outward, with the ball of the left foot resting on the right hip; and drew their slung-shots.

By way of testing their discipline, I allowed them to remain in this order while the rebels fired one volley.

Unfortunately, the volley was fired by upwards of fifteen thousand troops, at a distance of only about ten or twelve paces.

The result was that when the smoke blew away, there was nothing there.

I escaped by a miracle. I always make it a rule to do so.

I had been prepared for fight. I expected, indeed, a war to the bitter end. But a cruel, bloodthirsty, unparalelled, barbarous assault with *ball-cartridges*, I own took me by surprise!

Such a thing is unknown in the annals of civilized warfare. I am now prepared to fight the South to the death...to confiscate their forts and armies, to burn down their houses, lands, and negroes, and to play the d.... generally.

Poor COSPETTO DI VENDETTA, not being accustomed to the military customs of this country, fought like a tiger for an hour, even after his whole head, with the exception of his chin and the bump of combativeness, was entirely blown away. An earth-worm would be a fool to him in vitality.

The rebels then closed in around me.

"Gentlemen," said I (the rebels are all gentlemen, negroes, and such); "you have had all the fun so far; my turn has come now. *Gare à la mort!*"

I sprang over a small body of cavalry, attacked the rebels in the flank, and began killing them. Tough-meated fellows, mostly. I was terribly tired by the time I got through a regiment, and as the commander offered to call it square and treat if I would let up, I stopped.

Never, in all my life before, did a gin cocktail taste so sweet as the one he gave me.

It was sweetened by the sublime consciousness that I had done a virtuous action.

Since a move has been made in Virginia, I think I shall take my army down immediately, though my plans are considerably changed from what they were, especially in the management of my navy. The loss of my commodore will affect me seriously....

I wish he had paid me that two dollars and a quarter, before he was killed.

McARONE.

Extraordinary.

Notwithstanding the red-hot Ati-Abolitionism that prevails more rabidly than ever in Virginia, Richmond is said to be a thorough-going GARRISON town.

The Pioneers.

"Now JAMIE, can yez tell us what's all them fellers in barskin caps an' ap'ns, with the big hatchets, as goes in front of the sojers?"

"Faith, an' I think they're intended to make the towns aisy of Axes!"

Con: by one of the Sixty-Ninth.

"An why is them Sutherners like 'potecaries, thin?"

"Cos they's wantin' to pound us widh Pistles an' Morthars."

Oviparous.

The South thinks we are weak and puny, but when we begin to Burst our Shells, she will find we are No Chickens!

It will Sharpen Them.

If those Southern Blades are Dull enough to spend all their money in rebellion, they must soon get Strapped.

The Object of our Fleet on the Southern Coast.

To attend to the Manners and Customs of the country.